

# The Anderson Intelligence.

BY E. B. MURRAY & CO.

ANDERSON, S. C., THURSDAY MORNING, JANUARY 1, 1885.

VOLUME XX.—NO. 25

REMEMBER THE OLD MAXIM,

"LOOK BEFORE YOU LEAP!"

## CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.

YOU wish to make your friends happy. Of course you do. Then follow our advice, and present each with a handsome Holiday Gift.

Come at once and make your selections from our stock of beautiful CHRISTMAS PRESENTS, which is the largest of the kind in the city, and sure to please. Elegant Goods. Endless variety. Moderate Prices.

Now is the time to make your selections. Don't wait until the last moment, when the choicest, perhaps, will be then sold. We will store away your Presents, if desired, until you wish to carry them home or elsewhere.

Christmas Presents, Wedding and Birthday Gifts! Before you buy them call and see us. Our Holiday Goods are now being opened, displaying the highest decorative art, and are strikingly beautiful. They must be seen to be appreciated, and are certain to please the taste of your relative or friend, and the selection of any of these Gifts will be highly appreciated by them.

We have the handsomest Plush and Velvet Mantel Sets, Shaving Sets, Smoking Sets, Dressing Cases, Thermometers in plush frames, Whisk Brooms and Holders, Writing Desk and Work Box combined. Also, Fine Cut Glass Cologne Bottles, Fine Extracts and Perfumery, Beautiful Hand Mirrors, Shaving Mirrors, Velvet Whisk Brooms, Gift Cans and Saucers, Bisque Goods, Plush Frames for Plaques, etc.

If you don't care anything for the above, we have the best 5c. Cigar in the city, a box of which will make a good Present for some of your smoking friends.

Besides the above, we have the largest stock of Lamps seen in the up-country, and the greatest variety, one of which will make a useful Present, and be an ornament for any Parlor or Drawing Room.

WILHITE & WILHITE,  
No. 6 Granite Row, Anderson, S. C.

Which is Fittingly Shown by the above.

## GOODS WERE NEVER SO LOW.

This fact We are prepared to Prove to our Friends and Customers who may favor us with a call.

WE are now receiving the largest and most carefully selected Stock of General Merchandise which we have ever purchased, and will make it to your interest to call and examine for yourselves. We have added to the lines usually kept by us many new and desirable ones, embracing—

Ladies' Dress Goods, Flannels, Suitings, Shawls, &c.,

And the best CORSET on the market at 50c., worth \$1.00. Also, a

A LARGE LINE OF READY MADE CLOTHING, HATS, TRUNKS, UMBRELLAS, BLANKETS, SADDLES and HARNESS.

Also, the Celebrated "NEW GLOBE" SHIRT—the king of all Shirts. It needs only to be worn to be appreciated.

We are agents for the Celebrated Mishawaka Sulky Plows, Cultivators and Hand Turning Plows.

The "White Hickory" and "Hickman" one and two horse WAGONS, every one of which we guarantee.

The attention of Ginners and Farmers is called to our—

COTTON SEED AND GRAIN CRUSHER.

By which you can crush your Cotton Seed and make your Fertilizer.

Get our prices on Plantation and Gin House Scales, Cotton Gins, Feeders and Condensers and General Farm Machinery.

We are at all times in the Cotton Market, and will do you right. We will pay all ties who owe us for Supplies and Guano an extra price.

A large lot of BAGGING and TIES at lowest prices.

McCULLY, CATHCART & CO.

Oct 2, 1884

## THE NEW FIRM.

CUNNINGHAM & FOWLER,

Successors to J. G. Cunningham & Co., dealers in

DRY GOODS, GROCERIES, HATS, BOOTS, SHOES, HARDWARE.

And a full line of EVERYTHING usually kept in a General Stock.

Also, the world-renowned Dixie Plow. Agents for Milburn and Old Hickory Wagons, and the Columbus Sugar, the best in the world for the money.

We want all the money that is due us on this Fall on any account—Merchandise, Guano, or otherwise. The Books, Notes and Accounts of the late Firm of J. G. Cunningham & Co. are in our hands for collection, and must be settled in some way.

Thanking our friends for past patronage, we ask a continuance of the same. Come to see us. We will do you right. All goods delivered free inside the city.

CUNNINGHAM & FOWLER.

Oct 9, 1884

O. BART & CO.,

55, 57 and 59 N. 1st Street,

CHARLESTON, S. C.

THE LARGEST

FRUIT AND PRODUCE HOUSE

IN THE SOUTH.

IMPORT and keep constantly on hand—

Bananas, Cocoanuts,

Oranges, Pine Apples,

Apples, Lemons, Nuts,

Raisins, Potatoes,

Cabbages, Onions,

N. C. and Va. Peanuts.

NOTICE FINAL SETTLEMENT.  
Notice is hereby given that the undersigned, Administrator of the Estate of John Herring, deceased, will apply to the Judge of Probate for Anderson County, on the 10th day of January, 1885, for a Final Settlement and discharge from said office as Administrator of said Estate.

W. A. McFALL, Adm'r.

Dec 11, 1884

Notice to Creditors.

W. B. Watson vs. Emma C. Enkins, et al.

All persons having claims against the Estate of Wm. B. Enkins, dec'd, are hereby notified to prove their claims before me on or by the 1st day of February, 1885.

W. W. HUMPHREYS,

Master.

Dec 18, 1884

## The Tender Conscience of Mr. Bobberts.

BY SHERWOOD BONNER.

From Harper's Weekly.

It wuz about the third year of my marriage with Jed Burridge that the rust got inter the wheat; an' what wuzn't rust wuz cheat. People saw the bread a-slippin' out o' their mouths instead of inter them, an' every man on the Nine-mile wuz as blue as a wet hen. Talk run high about emigratin' to Kansas, which wuz represented as overflov'n with milk an' honey, free for all who wuz a-longin' fur that Scriptural food.

Nobody grumbled more than our neighbor, Mr. So-so Bobberts. Israel wuz his proper name, but some wag had giv'n him the kognomen of "So-so," an' co'se it stuck to him like a burr. It riz from his habit of never sayin' a p'int, nor so to speak, of givin' any satisfactory praise or dispraise to things of God or the devil. Everythin' wuz from fair to middlin', like an average cotton bale. He wuz mighty low once, an' the doctor had about give him up.

"How do you stand with God?" says Preacher Snowden, a-bendin' over him, an' shoutin' loud inter his deafening ear.

"So-so," growls Mr. Bobberts, true to himself to the last. He never wuz one fur gilt-edge speeches, an' didn't want ter ornament his dyin' bed with anything uncommon.

However, he didn't die this turn, but wuz soon round, pear as ever, seemin' ter think he had outwitted death fur good. Truth is, he's one of the tough kind that's hard ter kill, not a ounce o' adipose on his bones. He is long an' lean an' lank an' ribby as the sea sand, as the poetry book says. On top o' that long body o' his is set the littlest head ever I see on a mature adult person—not much bigger than a hilliard ball, an' high about ez smooth, if you could ketch him on a summer's day colin' off under a tree, with his wig hangin' in the branches above. His face is smooth-shaven, an' has a kind o' scorched look, as if it had been held over a blazelin' red wuz burn in; an' with glitterin' little black eyes an' a tight mouth, he is altogether a curious-lookin' old critter.

Ter begin my story proper, mebbe I ought ter go back to the first thrashin'-machine that wuz ever brought to the Nine-mile. It wuz a sort of triangular purchase, Mr. Bobberts leadin' off, an' persuadin' two neighbors, John Raney, an' Farmer Sweet, to club in with him, it bein' too expensive for any one man ter buy. Everybody wuz surprised at such a 'join' of forces, fur John an' Farmer Sweet wuz jolly, slap-dash kind o' fellows, an' fondler of a road laugh than of daily bread, while Mr. Bobberts wuz as close as a chestnut, an' never could see any sense in a joke. However, the thrasher wuz bought, an' a contract made settin' forth that the machine wuz to be controlled ekally by the three, an' that in any question concernin' it the majority wuz ter rule.

One day Mr. Bobberts, John Raney, an' Farmer Sweet wuz hard at work in the first-named ten-acre field. Mr. B. wuz mortal cross that day, an' his heels wuzn't feelin' very lovin'.

Noontime brought Cissy Bobberts with two tin buckets containin' a snack. "Maw says you are to come up to the house," says she; "ther's some hot gingerbread fur you."

Bobberts walked off very prompt, an' the two men that wuz left looked at each other an' grinned.

"Did I ever tell you abo't my grandfather?" said John Raney to Farmer Sweet.

"Didn't know you had a grandfather."

"Well, I did; an' I can tell you he wuz a man among men. On one occasion my mother, who wuz a gret person for puttin' on style, had invited a lot of town folks out to a dinner. I an' my skillets an' pans wuz all full. As luck would have it, my grandfather, or wuz buildin' a mill in the vicinity, an' he had a good force o' laborers employed—some twenty men or more—an' among 'em half a dozen black fellows that he had picked up in town. Jest as dinner wuz about to be dished up, in stalked the old man, as solemn as a turkey gobbler, an' after him six negroes, each with a brandnew wooden tray balanced on his head. 'Fill 'em up, boys,' says he, in a voice to make your hair stand on end; an' at the word, in a twinklin' the dinner wuz piled up on the trays—venison an' pig, an' roast turkey, fried chicken, an' vegetables an' pies of every name an' natur'—a clean sweep, even to the salt pork that wuz mixed in with the 'fresh,' fur old acquaintance sake. Not so much as a cocky wuz left to tell the tale. Mis' Jacob Price, who wuz a-cookin' fur my mother that day, wuz so overcome at seein' the company dinner hurricaned away in such a fashion that she jest sunk inter a chair, an' sot there like a wax figger, big-eyed an' tongue-tied. An' when the six Africans had marched out, all on the broad grin, my grandpa turned to Mis' Price, an' says he: 'I've got twenty men a-laborin' at my mill, an' they deserve a good dinner, fur they've earned it. An' as fur them lazy wemen at the house—here be p'intin' his thumb over his shoulder very contemptuous—let 'em come out an' cook another dinner, or go home a-fastin'!'

Mr. Sweet took a thoughtful pull at the butter-milk jug. "Must ha' had a good deal of whisky in him, your grandpa must," said he, "before he ventured so far with a woman of your mother's spunk."

"Well, maybe," returned the other, cautiously. "They do say he subsisted mainly on whiskey wuz till the nineties."

Both men laughed, an' dived further into their tin buckets, in hopes of findin' a stray doughnut or a cold pie.

"Well, I must say," cried Farmer Sweet, "I wish your grandfather had been round the Bobberts kitchen this day; we might ha' had something fit for a Christian stomach."

"Old Bobberts is a close hand," said John Raney, "no doubt of that."

"No doubt at all," said the farmer. "I don't quite see, John, how we came to be associated with him in buyin' this machine."

"Because we were a precious pair of fools," said Mr. Raney, cheerfully. "An' then," cried Farmer Sweet, "fur all the old 'coon wuz so crazy fur the machine, an' pestered us to death to go thirds with him, you can't make him own now that he likes the old thrasher, or feels in any way beholden to us. 'Twuz only this mornin' I says to him, 'Well, farmer, how d'ye like the machine, now you've seen her a-goin'?' 'Oh, so-so,' says he. 'Sho,' says I, 'you ought ter come out strong-er than that Mr. Bobberts. Think what a savin' of labor it is.' 'Well,' says he, jest fur pure contraince, 'I ain't sho' but that I like the old way best, it wuz more reliable like. Now, you see, the neighbors will all be a-wantin' ter borrow the machine, an' we may regret ever a-purchasin' it.' An' then he sithed, as hypocritical as a preacher at a strange funeral."

John Raney wuz the greatest fellow fur a joke on the prerer, an' a wicked thought come a-jumpin' inter his mind. "Say," cried he, "I ain't overproud o' ownin' anything along with old Bobberts. Let's burn up the whole rig, an' clear out."

"Burn her?" said Farmer Sweet, his eyes a-starin'; "arter all the money we've put in her?"

"We'd never ha' got much satisfaction out of her," said Raney. "Bobberts would always want her jest when our wheat wuz ready; an' what a joke it would be on him jest ter take him at his word fur once, an' tell him we thought the old way wuz best as well as he."

Farmer Sweet begun ter laugh. "All right," said he, "go ahead."

An' then an' there them two men actually did set fire ter that thrashin'-machine. I mustn't forget ter say that some folks always declared that the fire wuz an accident, an' that them two men made up the tale of burnin' it themselves jest ter devil Mr. Bobberts.

When the Bobberts came out an' saw the thing in a blaze, it set him in the biggest rage ever seen on the Nine-mile.

"We thought you would like it," says Farmer Sweet, artless as a baby, "seein' how you liked the machine only so-so, an' the old way wuz the best."

"How dared you meddle with my property?" howls Mr. Bobberts.

"Majority rules," says John Raney, cool as Christmas.

Then Mr. Bobberts up an' struck John, an' John hit back with such good-will that it ended in a fight that came near endin' Mr. Bobberts.

Well, wuzn't it wuz a good many years ago that this happened, an' nobody supposed Mr. Bobberts wuz layin' up anything ag'inst John Raney. He wuz very friendly with both him an' Farmer Sweet, an' I did hear that they had paid him back every cent of the money he had put inter the machine. They wuz villin' ter pay fur their joke after they had their fun out of it, an' it wuz considered very handsome of them on the prerer.

As I wuz a-sayin', a bad year came fur the farmers. Nobody felt like makin' much o' Christmas. We had no fat calves, an' all the turkeys an' geese fowls had been sold fur store goods. So when the new year came, Preacher Snowden wuz goin' ter spend Christmas on Nine-mile, it wuz quite a question where he would put up, fur he wuz pretty fond of the flesh-pots. He took his dram before sermon an' after; but he wuz a good hard-shell Baptist, and sound on the doctrine. But I must say it always went agin me ter hear him say that hell wuz paved with infants' skulls not half a span long.

He wuz the curiouser preacher I ever sot under. He would take a text, considerin' it a pretty well fur a while, but when the exhortin' mood came on him, an' he got good warmed up, he would drop chapter an' verse, an' wander wild an' free, as the song sez. He had a way, 'oo, of pickin' out some text an' makin' it mean something entirely different from what you had always supposed. In fact, each wuz that old man's contraince an' pig-headedness an' conceit of himself that he made nothin' of arguin' ag'inst the Scrip'ter. I s'pose he ain't the only man who ever thought he knew more than the Lord who made him, but he wuz the first ever I see who brazenly argued as much in the pulpit, an' with the Bible open before him.

He wuz sot agin now-fangled notions, Preacher Snowden wuz, an' made nothin' of declarin' that temperance societies an' Sunday-schools had sent more people to hell than ever they kept out of it. I never had any effect me like that; an' as fur Jed Burridge, he jest muttered in his whiskers, "God help the people in this country if they've got to set under your preachin'!" An' then, without a word to me, Jed jammed his hat on his head an' walked out gloomy as a case.

"I couldn't set ther an' stand that," he remarked to me, apologetically, when I jined him in the churchyard after preachin' wuz over.

There wuz a sort of relief on the Nine-mile when we heard that the preacher had invited himself ter pass Christmas with Brother Bobberts. Ill-natured folks said his reason fur stoppin' ther wuz because Mr. Bobberts never had jined the temperance cause. He knew he could get his toddy in that house, while in most of the others he would have ter fall back on hot coffee an' herb tea.

The day before Christmas Mr. So-so Bobberts walked inter John Raney's store. I forgot to say that John had give up farmin' some time before, an' had gone inter town an' caged in the drug business. He had jest got married to one of the Bi-coe girls, and

everybody had a good word fur the young couple.

Well, in tromped Mr. Bobberts, his hat set back on his head, his ears wrapped in a woolen comforter, his wagon whip in his hand, an' his mouth spread very affable, as if once in his life things wuz a'leettle better than "so-so."

"I want ter buy some whiskey," "Got to entertain a preacher at my house, an' make him a Christmas egg-nog."

"All right," says John Raney; "half a gallon, I suppose?"

Now the p'int o' that remark wuz this: there wuz a law in the State forbidden any drug man to sell less than half a gallon o' whiskey. This wuz ter put a stop to indiscriminate dram-drinkin' an' treatin' on the part o' the boys.

"Half a gallon," says Bobberts; "an' it seems as if that's a sight o' whiskey fur a sober man like me ter be luggin' home."

"Oh, it'll keep," says John; an' it's handy ter have in the house in case o' snake bites."

"As to its keepin'," said Mr. Bobberts, very grim. "Preacher Snowden purposed ter pass soch d'ye—?" An' here he paused very solemn.

"Precisely," says John, an' a laugh an' a wink. Then he bitied up the jug very deft an' handed it ter the old man.

"Hope your health is good this winter," he remarked.

"So-so," says Mr. Bobberts, with a nod. Then he clomb inter his waggin an' drove away very swift.

Some four hours later a figger that looked like the wreck o' Mr. Bobberts appeared in John Raney's store. His hat wuz off, an' his head wuz partly wrapped in the woolen comforter, with bare places shinin' through; his coat wuz torn, an' in his hand he held jest the handle o' the whiskey jug—nothin' but the handle.

"What on the earth has happened?" cried John; an' the men all crowded round.

Bobberts toppled over inter a cheer, and it wuz some minutes before he found his breath. But at last he came out with a blood-curdlin' story of havin' been set on by tramps willin'g along the loneomest part o' the road. They robbed him, an' they fit him, an' they stole his whiskey an' broke his jug. Thar sot the old man lookin' as wuzn't very popple, but nobody could help expressin' a sympathy fur him. An' feelin' run high agin the tramps. Some o' the young fellows wuz startin' out ter hunt them up; but he wuz late an' cold, an' it ain't so easy ter catch a thief who has his wits about him. Mr. Bobberts set by the stove until he recovered hisself, an' then he says with a grin, "Well, I s'pose I'll have ter git some more whiskey, an' I ain't got a cent left."

"You can have it on time," says John, very generous. "Half a gallon?"

He shook his head. "No," says he; "this has been a mighty bad year on us farmers, John, an' I can't afford another half-gallon, but I'll buy a quart, if you'll sell it ter me."

This wuz a sort of dilemma fur John. On the one hand wuz his old neighbor, whom he recly wanted to oblige; on the other, the law.

"Seems ter me, John," says Farmer Bobberts, "you might do me a good turn, seein' as it's Christmas-time."

John wuz a-kitten' his brows, but of a sudden his face lit up. "Tell you what I'll do," says he. "I'll sell you a quart, an' add it ter the half-gallon, so I can put down on my book a sale of three-quarters, don't you see. That'll make it all right with the law, an' I satisfy you, Mr. Bobberts."

"Jest so," said the old man. An' after a little more talk he pocketed his quart of whiskey an' drove off fur the second time.

There wuz quite a turnout at the meetin'-house next day ter hear Father Snowden preach. He wuz in one of his belligerent fits, an' it wuz judged Brother Bobberts' egg-nog had been uncommon strong. He took a good Christmas text, an' preached along fur a while very decorous, then, all of a sudden, off he branched.

"Says he, a-slappin' his hands on the Bible, but ther is some things, my brethren, in this sacred book as must not be took too literal. We hear a gret deal, fur instans, abo't seein' the mote in your brother's eye, an' count o' the beam in your own. That's a very pretty figger, but it won't hold water. I've got my faults, huge as the mountains, an' plentiful as the leaves; but what would I be with as a preacher if I made a umbrilifer o' 'em ter prevent my seein' the faults o' my fellow-sinners? It is my missin' to find out the wickedness in the Lord, an' do likewise. It's the protection of society an' the bulwark of liberty. Ther wuz once a feller who wuz ter carve a treasure. His name wuz Argus, an' he had as many eyes as ther are freckles on a turkey's egg, or spots on a peacock's tail. An' when one o' them eyes wuz closed in sleep, the others would be wide awake. Always on the look-out; couldn't ketch him nappin'. An' so the sinner in this world must be made ter feel that Argus is a watchin' of him. When my eye is shut, Brother Bobberts is open; when Brother Bobberts is takin' a rest, Jed Burridge is a-watchin' on. An' so it goes. Look out, sinner, no ter carve no treasure. As well hope ter blot out the uncountable stars as close the twinklin' eyes of men."

"An' ther's no use, my brethren, in a-wrestlin' an' a-strugglin' an' a-grashin' your teeth because of the beam in your own eye. Some good brother is overlookin' you, and the first thing you know, it'll be h'isted inter eternity. An' you'll need be afeard o' peerin' at the mote in your brother's eye. P'raps it's so much of a mote after all, an' it's your bounden duty to lend a hand to cast it out."

Harvin' settled this the preacher wandered to other p'ints, an' I must give you a very entertainin' dis-

course. Some folks smiled, an' some looked sour. An' as fur Mr. Bobberts, he sot ther an' groaned an' sithed as if some powerful concern wuz on his mind. On the way home he jined me, an' we walked to the corner together.

"I'm worried in my mind, Mis' Burridge," sez he.

"Is it the mote or the beam, Mr. Bobberts?" sez I, airy like, feelin' a jovial Christmas spirit coursin' through my veins.

"Some subjects shouldn't be turned inter lightness," he replied, lookin' at me quite grim. "Things looks dark an' dretful to my mind, an' it wouldn't surprise me if the end of this sinful world wuz clus at hand."

"Sho!" sez Jed Burridge.

"You had better be prepared, Brother Burridge. Ther's no use in a-belin' your eyes an' a-hardenin' your heart. Preacher Snowden wuz takin' last night—an' a powerful man he is on argument an' logic. He took up that mysterious part o' Scrip'ter called Revelation, an' he made it all as clear as crystal. Seven seals wuz broke by the angel, and seven mighty events in the world's history hez ter correspond with them seals. Ther hez been already a earthquake, an' a gret fire, an' pestilence, an' other things of an' on Providence mebbe—set her on the right track."

Leila had been persuaded to attend a rag-tackin' at Sister Weedon's, out on the prerer; an' when she got ther, the women's tongues were a-clatterin' equal to a lot o' dancin' washin'."

"We wuz just a-talkin' of you, Leila," said Mis' Anos Burridge, who wuz very outpoken, an' a sympathizin' with you an' John."

"Well," says Leila, forcin' a smile, "the axe ain't fallen yet, an' mebbe never will."

"Get the Lord on your side," says Sister Charity Hackleton, "an' you need not fear the power of man."

"I'm sure He ought to be on our side," cried Leila, "for it's a wicked piece of work to take the bread out of our mouths."

"It ain't that your husband should sell liquor," said Martha Hatfield, a little black-eyed spitfire of a woman.

"Well, he don't drink it," answered Leila, very dry.

"Neither would my husband drink it," cries Martha, "if it wuzn't for certain folks I could name a temptin' him an' treatin' him an' a-sellin' him liquor on credit."

"If it's my husband you're slappin' at," says Leila, "I can tell you he has sold no liquor on credit to Jim Hatfield, fur I know his books as well as he knows them himself, an' your husband's name is not on them. Besides, John knows that Jim has joined the Sons o' Temperance, an' he is too good to tempt any man, furkin' who is tryin' to git shet of the habit."

"Too good!" sniffs the other; "that's all you know about him. I've got proof of what I say: jugs an' bottles that come from John Raney's usually have his name pated on the sides."

"What do you mean?" an' up jumped Leila, quick as a mad cat.

But Martha shet her lips very resolute. "I ain't no more ter say," she cried; "I've said too much already. If you're satisfied with your husband, I am with mine."

An' with that she fell to teasin' rags so vigorous that the dust flew out o' set us all ter coughin'.

Sister Weedon, who wuz ever fur pourin' oil on troubled waters, proposed that we should sing a hymn, an' soon as we had calmed the tumult in our throats, an' soon the rafters wuz a-ringin' to the tune of

"With cherubim and seraphim,  
Full royally He rode,  
And on the wings of mighty winds  
Went flyin' all abroad."

Well, well, them two women watched each other out of the corners of their eyes all the rest o' the day, but there wuz more disputin'.

When Leila got home, first thing she did wuz ter ask her husband if he had been sellin' Jim Hatfield any whiskey lately.

"Not a p'int," says John—"not sence I heard he jined the Sons o' Temperance."

"You are positive?"

"Just as positive as that I've got the prettiest wife in the State," said John, chirk up before Leila, seein' as how his depression weighed on her. Leila, on her side, wouldn't dampen John's spirits by tellin' of the false charge against him; but she made up her mind to get to the bottom of the matter.

The next day she started out on a second tramp to the Nine-mile, this time bound for the Hatfield house. When she got inside the gate her struck somebodin' that gave her a start. It wuz a bit of broken jug, with Raney's name printed very distinct on the label.

"So Martha told the truth!" she muttered, an' her feelin's softened considerably, while at the same time she wuz pestered inter deeper perplexity.

Mr. Hatfield, who wuz sittin' down rockin' his baby, when she saw Leila standin' in the doorway. Surprised enough she wuz; but havin' to be uprisin' in her own house, she asked her in, handed her a cheer.

"I want ter say in the beginnin', Martha," says Leila, "that I done you an injustice yesterday, an' I ask your pardon. I may ha' looked a-taken aback hearin' Leila speak so gentle, but she couldn't help feelin' foolish."

"I'm glad to hear such words," says she, very hearty. "Our Father in heaven knows I wouldn't speak untrue on such a subject. It's too misapprehension, an' I'll have to set her right."

"Well, Martha, I'm in a bewilderment, and I jest call on you as one woman to a sister woman to help me out of it. Now you made a charge against my husband, an' I want you ter take it back. Tell me this—did you ever hear of John Raney sellin' a p'int?"

"I've heard of his bein' a gret